Don't Mess with Sandy!

By

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Chapter I:
A Californian dream.

San Fertilando is a small Californian town that is quite unremarkable. There is nothing here that can be regarded as appealing: people are ordinary, houses are alike, dogs bark, old people complain, youngsters rave and the community is as united as the Disunited States of America. Besides, nature seems to have a grudge against the inhabitants: it does not rain a lot, trees don't want to grow anymore and flowers wither. There won't be fires here because soon there will be nothing to burn.

In one of those ordinary houses lives Sandy, a blue-eyed seventeen-year-old girl. I cannot say she is pretty, nor can I say that she is slim. Actually, she is … ordinary! You know, nowadays Californian girls are less attractive than before. They have become commonplace American creatures. It seems that greed and vulgarity have turned dreams into the realities of everyday life. However, that girl is not ugly, and her bust catches the eye of many a boy.

Her parents were born in the seventies. They are the degenerate offspring of decadent America.

They are liberal, easy-going, and hippie-like people who were corrupted by their own parents, who were born in the late fifties. When one looks at that kind of people, one realizes that the brutish ape is the ancestor of man!

As for her little brother, there's nothing much to say. He is fifteen years old, plays football, hates school, loves video games and his stinky dog, flirts with almost all the girls raging from fifteen to twenty-one years of age, and keeps eating hamburgers and French fries. Is he a typical American youth? No, he is a typical adolescent inhabitant of planet earth in a state of culture. Rousseau was right: culture can be dangerous, especially when there is no counterpower. American culture spread all over the world by means of movies and TV programs, and the whole planet behaves in the very same way now. I bet you anything you like the Chinese are as American as any Californian girl. Soon all of them will speak English. It is said that they prefer American food to Chinese food! One day they will even want to live in a democracy! Look at the inhabitants of Hong Kong; aren't they Americanized democratic agent provocateurs?

Sandy practices figure skating. It is not a sport she really enjoys, but there are so many handsome

hockey players on the ice that she cannot miss the opportunity for meeting the appropriate future father of her remarkable children. Boys at school are quite ordinary, whereas those who frequent Tocolona ice rink are more interesting. Firstly, there are not chubby. Secondly, they talk! Yes, there are able to talk with people whom they don't know and with whom they want to communicate! They are not terrified statues that do not dare to look at the well-endowed girls who dissect frogs for fear of being stabbed to death by innocent creatures who do not want to castrate them all. Boys, big-breasted girls are not praying mantises. We do not devour guys; we just marry them! You see, all animals are not alike. Some are more educated than others, and man is more than an animal since he or she is reasonable.

Chapter II:
On one morning at the high-school.

Not all American high-schools are alike, but the rituals are the same. There is an admixture of democratic preaching, academic ignorance and professorial immaturity. The American flag is hoisted and the Californian girl is beginning to mock everything she sees. Truth to tell, she is an outsider, a kind of misfit, as you will soon see.

Mrs. Marble, biology teacher- Please, be seated. Today I am going to teach you the origin of man.

Sandy to Pamela- A delicate matter since the dawn of civilization.

Mrs. Marble- You may have read in some book that Adam is regarded as the first man.

The students- Yes, we have, Mrs. Marble.

Mrs. Marble- This is true, of course, but Adam did not resemble us! He was more primitive, more hairy, more… simian! Actually, he was an ape called Adam!

Sandy to Pamela- We are going to watch the remake of *The Planet of the Apes!*

Mrs. Marble- Hence, it must be admitted that species evolve in the course of their history. Charles Darwin was right: living beings adapt to their surroundings in order to survive. Those who don't disappear.

Sandy- Mrs. Marble?

Mrs. Marble- Yes, Sandy.

Sandy- Does this mean that the ancestors of all women are she-monkeys?

Mrs. Marble- Yes, it does.

Bobby, a defiant boy who does not like Sandy very much- I know some girl who still exhibits the stigmata of her she-ancestors!

Sandy, turning to Bobby- I know some boy who is as stylish as a cave man and who is less intelligent than an amoeba!

Bobby- Sandy, you're a she-monkey!

Sandy- You're less than a monkey. On the scale of the evolution, you are a microbe, a kind of Chinese virus.

Jessica- Mrs. Marble, I have read in a book that the first woman had been fashioned out of one of the first man's ribs.

Pamela to herself- I'd rather be a she-monkey than a piece of meat!

Mrs. Marble- What you are referring to is a metaphor. It seems that women come from the best part of man.

Bobby- A cutlet, the best part of man!

Pamela- According to you, what would be the best part?

Bobby- I don't know; his brain, I suppose.

Pamela- I don't like calve's brains. So I guess that I wouldn't like man's brains.

Bobby- I mean his mind.

Sandy- Men have no mind. They don't think but react.

Bobby- You are such a smart-arse, Sandy, a smart she-ass!

Sandy- You cro-minion!

Bobby- You neo-dental!

Pamela- You see, I think that the best part of man is his genitals!

Sandy- What a cliché, Pamela!

Bobby- What a silly cow!

Chapter III:
Girls, it's lunch time.

Pamela- I am fed up with chicken sandwiches.

Sandy- I am fed up with San Fertilando. I want to go elsewhere, discover the world and have lots of opportunities. Here our future seems hopeless: we go to school to become docile voters, we go to church to become obedient individuals and we practice a sport to find a suitable husband, but our free will is restrained by a subculture that worships a dictatorial concept which pretends that all citizens are free and equal. Democracy is bullshit! It's middle-class mediocrity.

Barbara- You're right, Sandy, we live in a redneck's town. I don't want to become a housewife whose life will be determined by her husband's wishes and children's needs.

Pamela- Let's eat ham sandwiches and start a coup d'état!

Barbara- We live in the US; a woman can get a job easily. She is not compelled to become a housewife.

Sandy- That's true, but if you want to have several children, it is not really possible to continue working.

Barbara- What about a nanny?

Sandy- You won't be able to afford to pay her wages. There is no other option: you either work or raise children. Your husband will not assume this responsibility.

Pamela- I wish I were a movie star. I would live in a luxurious mansion in Beverly Hills, collect diamond necklaces, drive a Ferrari and bathe in Champagne pools. I don't want to marry an insurance broker who eats hamburgers and drinks beer. I want caviar, not lumpfish roe.

Barbara- I'd rather marry an English aristocrat. I would live in a castle in Kent, hunt foxes, organize balls – I love dancing – and patronize famous painters. I will not marry an American insurance broker, for I want people to address me as Your Ladyship.

Sandy- Personal success is a petit bourgeois dream. I am neither Gloria Swanson in *Sunset Boulevard* nor Rebecca in Daphne du Maurier's novel. I'd like to change the world. I am an adventuress who cares about mankind's future. Our planet is dying because of men's mishandling. The history of mankind is an

endless martyrdom. One generation should educate the following one so that it may understand nature, treat it well, prosper and create civilization, I mean a human organization based on peace, reason and goodness.

Barbara- Sandy, you're a Greek philosopher.

Sandy- I am just a Californian one.

Pamela- I wonder why there were so many wars in the past.

Sandy- Men are not satisfied with what they have; they are greedy by nature. They think that they will be short of something.

Barbara- I know a girl who believes that she is always short of food.

Sandy- I know that girl too.

Pamela- Do I know her?

Sandy- Pamela, you are a glutton, but I am not. If I ruled the world, or at least the United States, temperance would be my motto.

Chapter IV:
At the ice rink.

Mrs. Cachouskaya, figure skating coach- Your double Lutz jumps are worse than ugly; they are appalling. Never ever forget that an educated woman must master her feelings, a horse at full gallop and the double Lutz. Back then, in Moscow, when I was a little girl, I was admired by all my teachers not because I could read or write very well, but because I was a graceful figure skater.

Barbara- Other places, other customs.

Pamela- You mean other times, other manners.

Sandy- You're right, she is not a babe anymore.

Barbara- Russians are exotic creatures: they derive pleasure from the most unpleasant situations. I hate this jump.

Pamela begins to skate; she jumps and go sprawling. So do the two other girls. No words can describe the height of ridiculousness of this situation:

three flashy bats falling like drag queens in a mud fight in Las Vegas!

Coach- The technique is not good. First, you are on the outside edge. Then your weight passes over the right leg and you land on the inside edge.

Pamela- Who invented that bloody jump?

Barbara- A guy called Mr. Lutz, I suppose.

Pamela- It was a German Nazi; it's not a jump but German torture!

Sandy- To me, all jumps are torture. I hate this sport. Even spins are tricky. I spend the whole sessions expecting for an earthquake to get rid of this obligation. I should have practiced ballroom dancing. It is less slippery.

Pamela- It sure is, but the boys are not as handsome as those we meet here.

Sandy and Barbara- That's true.

Pamela- The only moments I enjoy are when Johnny is on the ice.

Barbara- The muscular Johnny…

Sandy- The Greek god of… lust! Apollo himself would be belittled.

Sandy- Sometimes I fall in front of him, but he never helps me up.

Sandy- You should try to land a clean double flip, or even a double Salchow, to impress him favorably. Men are not interested in falling butterflies. Johnny is not an entomologist!

Coach- Let's stop jumping. Please, ladies, practice lay-back spins.

Sandy- Oh Gosh! This freezing torture seems endless. When does the hockey team begin to train?

Barbara- In ten minutes' time.

Sandy- Let the handsome hockey players save the three restless beauties.

The three girls began to pirouette and they fall once again. They resembled toads hiding under water lilies in a smelly pond. I don't know why women compel their daughters to practice this sport. They do so out of sheer wickedness. Since they were never able to land a neat single Axel, they want their daughters to suffer as much as they did. Women hate

their daughters because they are never as pretty as they want them to be.

All of a sudden, the hockey players enter the ice rink. It's time to say goodbye to corporal Cachouskaya. The evening punishment is over.

Johnny- Good evening, girls.

The girls in unison- Hey Johnny…

Chapter V:
The plotters.

Sandy- Do you remember how the Trump administration ended?

Barbara- Oh yes, we do!

Pamela- I remember that guy with horns bedecked with fox fur in The Capitol. He seemed completely crazy.

Barbara- And the crowd was wild.

Sandy- This is the image of the United States of America: the rabble tries to force its opinions on everybody and when this does not work, it starts a coup d'état.

Pamela- In what kind of society we would have lived if the raving white horned maniac had succeeded?

Sandy- A kind of Wild West.

Barbara- We should assume political power.

Sandy- That's why I summoned you tonight. We must plan a coup d'état, which will be easy to carry out since most Americans are stupid: it will be easy to manipulate them.

Barbara- It's no easy matter; we will need many tall muscular men.

Pamela- How many?

Sandy- Three million!

Pamela- How will you induce three million men to help you to become a…, the…

Sandy- Dictatress of the United States of America?

Pamela- Big-breasted women can manipulate more than three million soldiers. This is a historical fact. Queen Hatshepsut did so.

Barbara- She was not big-breasted, it's her booty that was big.

Sandy- Girls, we need an army of amazons who will allure lots of handsome tall American boys.

Pamela- What if they don't succumb to their charms?

Barbara- Sandy, do you really believe that they will accept to obey women?

Sandy- In a couple, who decides and who obeys? Humanity has always been a matriarchy, a kind of mammacracy, as the Roman said. Besides, we could offer them money or privileges.

Barbara- They must remain our subordinates. Give a man a gun and he will kill his neighbors; give three million men guns and they will destroy the planet.

Sandy- You are right, Barbara.

Pamela- I know what we are going to do: give them alcohol.

Sandy- We are going to offer them oceans of beer.

Barbara- If they don't like beer, they will drink whisky.

Sandy- And if they don't like whisky, we will drown them in Dom Pérignon.

Pamela- Where will we find the girls who will command them?

Sandy- There are enough cheerleaders in this country to lead more than three million football players by the nose.

Barbara- By the way, who will be the future head of state?

Sandy- I will. I will become the first dictatress of the United States of America, and you will become my assistants.

Pamela- What will we be supposed to do?

Sandy- Counsel me. A dictatress is not a dictator: she takes people's advice.

Chapter VI:
Sandy, dictatress of the United States of America.

On the 28th of March of a year I do not remember, the liberation troops headed for Washington D. C. It was a breathtaking parade composed of millions of happy majorettes and young soldiers marching to the sound of the cheers of the crowd. They did not need to attack any official building, for all the politicians and civil servants of the former régime had fled for fear of being killed by the mob rather than by the plotters.

When they reached The Capitol, Sandy, who was dressed like a movie star attending the Oscar ceremony, climbed the stairs slowly: her spike heels did not allow her to go faster. As soon as she stood on the platform, in front of a microphone, the crowd fell silent. So she began to say:

“My dear fellow citizens. Everybody knows that democracy is a parenthesis in the history of mankind. It's this noxious régime that led us to risk our lives

and face our own extinction. Hatred and irresponsibility, which characterize this régime, made us disrespect Nature, and, in return, she began to destroy us. Fortunately, a reasonable, intelligent Californian girl has decided to save you, for she loves you! That's why I am going to appoint myself dictatress of the United States of America."

She is greeted with thunderous applause and curtsies to the crowd like a female figure skater who has won the gold medal at the Winter Olympics. Pamela and Barbara are a bit puzzled. They wanted to find a suitable husband to lead a happy life and they are going to be the first assistants of the first dictatress in the whole history of mankind.

Then the three girls head toward an empty hall. They sit down and Sandy says:

"Girls, we must change everything."

Barbara- Where do we start? What's the most urgent thing to change?

Pamela- The domination of women by men.

Sandy- We have just solved this problem: now they obey us.

Barbara- We should abolish democracy.

Sandy- It has just been abolished: I am a dictatress, not a beauty queen!

Pamela- We should compel men to be pregnant!

Barbara- Sandy is a dictatress, not God or a horror movie producer.

Sandy- I think that we should establish strong counterpowers so that the truth may never be destroyed by academism.

Barbara- How will you achieve that?

Sandy- It's simple. I am going to encourage knowledge. From now on, schools and universities won't be controlled by the state or pressure groups.

Pamela- How will they be managed?

Sandy- Each year, pupils and students will be granted money in order to attend one of these institutions. The tax system will provide the money so that everybody may have a proper education, but there won't be propaganda anymore. I am going to unleash the minds. The antisocial French statue that is bathing in the port of New York is not the epitome of freedom. Liberty comes from free will and free will exists when pluralism allows the truth to emerge from contradictory ideas.

Barbara and Pamela- You're a genius, Sandy.

Sandy- Maybe...

Chapter VII:
Sandy, dictatress of the world.

Sandy- That being said, this brand, new story cannot remain American. We must save the world! First, we must defeat our worst enemies.

Pamela- Do you mean the British?

Barbara- They are not our worst enemies but our worst friends!

Sandy- I mean those neo-communists called the Chinese. We must free the Chinese from ignorance. Those people live in a male dictatorship paved with ill intentions.

Barbara- How will we achieve that?

Sandy- As we did in the US. We will launch a mammatomic bomb! We will send big-breasted American girls to China in order to allure the Chinese soldiers.

Pamela- If the American government had done that during the Vietnam War, we would have defeated the

enemy very easily. Boobs are more efficient that napalm.

Unfortunately, this trick did not work very well. Although the female American soldiers were extremely attractive, the Chinese boys were not impressed, but what is supposed to impress a Chinese soldier? A Ming ceramic, a few grams of jade or a holiday in Hong Kong? Those American girls might have been regarded as a bit vulgar, which is quite true. So the Americans changed tactics and used the old tricks used during the Second World War: propaganda printed on leaflets thrown upon the enemy from planes. It did not work either. Little by little, they defeated the American troops and the three girls had to hide in caves in the center of China.

Sandy- We will not surrender.

Barbara and Pamela- Oh no, we won't!

Sandy- I don't know why my plan did not work.

Barbara- You know, Sandy, Chinese men are weird: they don't use plates but bowls.

Pamela- And they use Chinese sticks to eat!

Sandy- I know what you mean: they are perverts!

Barbara- I bet they are!

Pamela- What are we going to do now? We are trapped. They are going to kill us.

Sandy- They can't kill us, for we are not criminals. We are humanity's friends. It is they who are criminals. Those people are communists!

Pamela- You're right, Sandy; perhaps they will sue us, but the International Court will pardon us because we are good girls who never ever hurt a fly!

Male Chinese voice- Surrender! We know where you hide. There's no escape. Surrender or else we are going to exterminate you.

Barbara- This is sheer intimidation. Girls, we are strong and we have lots of supplies: we can stay here for a year or two!

Sandy- Pamela, there's neither food nor water here!

Barbara- Are you kidding me?

Sandy- I am not!

Barbara- Mr. Chinese officer, we are just three innocent girls. Don't shoot at us. We are going to surrender. Don't torture us.

Pamela, shouting- And don't compel us to eat sticky rice. We are Californian girls: we only eat fruit salad and free-range chicken.

Chapter VIII:
Crime against virility!

Chief Justice Wong- You are accused of crime against virility. What do you plead?

Sandy- Pardon my French, Chief Justice Pond, but there are no women in the jury; I think that this trial won't be very fair.

C. J. W.- Guilty or not guilty?

Pamela- Not guilty!

Barbara- We are innocent; why should we plead guilty?

Sandy- Of course we are innocent; we have never ever challenged the virility of anybody, not even a eunuch's!

C. J. W.- May I remind you that you run the risk of spending the rest of your life in prison?

Attorney General- It is said that you have weaved a plot in order to enslave all men on earth.

Sandy- Attorney General Fouquier-Tinville, Californian girls do not plot. They persuade men. At times, that's true, they allure them.

Attorney General- What kind of society would have you built if you had succeeded? Hell on earth?

Sandy- There's no need to get on you high horse, Attorney General Vychinski; we are not the enemy of men as you are hinting at.

Attorney General- You are a bunch of Amazons who would like to castrate us all!

Barbara- I guess that this man is trying to put the blame for his frustrations on us.

Pamela- Barbara, he is just an ordinary man who wants to perpetuate male dominance over women.

Barbara- We don't want to clean the toilets anymore.

Pamela- We don't want to iron your socks anymore.

Sandy- I don't want to cook anymore.

Barbara and Pamela- We will never marry an insurance broker!

C. J. W.- Behave yourselves, ladies!

Attorney General- It is rumored that you planned to sterilize all men and to kill all the male infants…

Sandy- Lies, nothing but lies! What kind of court is this? The Holy Inquisition?

Barbara- We are not witches or heretics!

Pamela- This is a masquerade!

Attorney General- Did you plan to exterminate all men on earth?

C. J. W.- My dear colleague, we don't need confessions. We know that they are guilty, for the facts are unquestionable.

Pamela- There is no evidence. We are poor, innocent Californian girls, you old faggots!

C. J. W.- Order, order! Gag this big-breasted virago!

Sandy to Pamela- You shouldn't have said that; we are going to pay dearly for this.

C. J. W.- The Court finds you guilty of crime against virility. Hence, I sentence you to one thousand years in prison on planet Venus.

Sandy to Barbara- One thousand years! This must be a joke.

Pamela- Planet Venus! Where is it?

Sandy- Far from Mars, I suppose.

Barbara- No prison will prevent me from escaping!

Chapter IX:
The journey to Venus.

On the following morning, the three girls boarded the Mephisto II, the spaceship that would take them to the penitentiary of Venus. Barbara and Pamela were low-spirited. Sandy was less depressed, for she knew that she had set an example: all women knew now that they could decide their fates.

As she entered the Mephisto II, wearing the silver-lamé suit that is reserved for the bad girls who disobey the rules of male dominance, she looked at the crowd disdainfully. The sissy Chinese soldiers had defeated her, but she would soon avenge herself: the universe is huge and there are lots of unhappy female creatures ready to improve their situations.

The three girls entered their cabins and threw themselves on their beds. Barbara yawned, Pamela shed a tear, and Sandy began to construct a plan aimed at dominating the whole universe, for revenge is a dish best served hot at any hour of the day or night!

As the spacecraft passed by Mars, it was hit by a small meteorite. The crew began to panic.

Sandy- Barbara, can you hear me?

Barbara- Of course I can: your cabin is next to mine!

Sandy- Something hit the spaceship.

Pamela- I felt something that resembled a blow.

Sandy- We should take control of our jailors. They must be in a panic.

Pamela- We cannot open the doors of our cells.

Sandy- Dial 0000.

Pamela- It worked!

Sandy- Those people are civil servants: they cannot be intelligent! Let's go to the control room.

Barbara- I don't know…

Pamela- We should listen to the noise; since they are panicking, they must be shouting. So, they will be where there will be noise.

Sandy- You are quite intelligent, Pamela.

Pamela- Beauty queens are always intelligent, for it requires a lot of intelligence to manipulate a jury of a

beauty contest composed of very old men who cannot distinguish a beautiful girl like me from an ugly stray cat.

Pamela- I hear people shouting.

Sandy- Which way?

Pamela- This way. Follow me.

They soon reached the control room. Much to their surprise, all the crew members were women.

Pamela- When do we attack them?

Sandy- Must we attack them? We don't know how to fly that thing.

Barbara- We could kill them all but the navigator.

Sandy- We must not kill women. Women are not our enemies. No human being is the enemy of another human being.

Pamela- Besides, she-monkeys do not kill other she-monkeys.

Barbara- I don't care; I feel like killing them all.

Sandy- Barbara, what's the matter with you? You're beginning to behave like a man.

Pamela- I guess that women are like groupers: at times they change genders!

Chapter X:
On planet Venus.

Sandy- What a dull life!

Pamela- And what an ugly planet!

Barbara- This planet is so ugly that the penitentiary seems a nice place.

Pamela- The food is not bad.

Sandy- … Not enough fruit salad…

Barbara- … No free-range chicken…

Sandy- No verdant prairies, or impetuous rivers, or figure skating classes. That's unbearable. Let us plot again and escape!

Barbara- Honestly, Sandy, we cannot return to planet earth: we are too famous and the Chinese hate us.

Pamela- At first, we could conquer this planet and become dictatresses again.

Sandy- There are no men!

Barbara- We could persecute the female guards.

Sandy- You are immoral, Barbara. No woman is allowed to persecute another woman.

Pamela- We could have children and keep annoying them.

Sandy- So we need men to have children. We are not going to clone ourselves because we don't want to annoy images of ourselves; do we?

Barbara- No, we don't

Pamela- Where do the male criminals stay?

Barbara- On planet Mars.

Pamela- We should go there. There would be plenty of men and we would have lots of children.

Sandy- I don't want the father of my future children to be a criminal. What society would we build if we did so?

Barbara- We don't need men to give birth to children: artificial insemination exists.

Pamela- How romantic!

Sandy- Besides, children need to be raised by a man and a woman in order to understand that the universe is an association of opposing factors.

Pamela- Barbara, you are a stupid feminist. Sandy and I don't want to get rid of men. We just want to reestablish what Nature had first established: women must be on an equal footing with men.

Sandy- That being said, some Californian girl could be superior, for it must be admitted that most men are not very intelligent, but they are cute and highly decorative.

Barbara- So, what are we going to do?

Pamela and Sandy- Escape!

Pamela- There are far too many women here. I cannot stand that anymore. I need men or, at least, one man.

Sandy- Pamela, let's go to Mars. Those guys are criminals, but I feel certain that some of them are kind and… good-looking.

Pamela- We could also flirt with the guards…

Sandy- That's a very good idea, Pamela. It is said that on planet Mars, there are very strong and fit because the inmates are a bit aggressive sometimes.

Barbara- I must be dreaming: you are speaking like American peroxide blondes!

Sandy- Barbara, we are Californian girls: we like fruit salad, free-range chicken and muscular guys, that's all!